

P S
2524
.P53



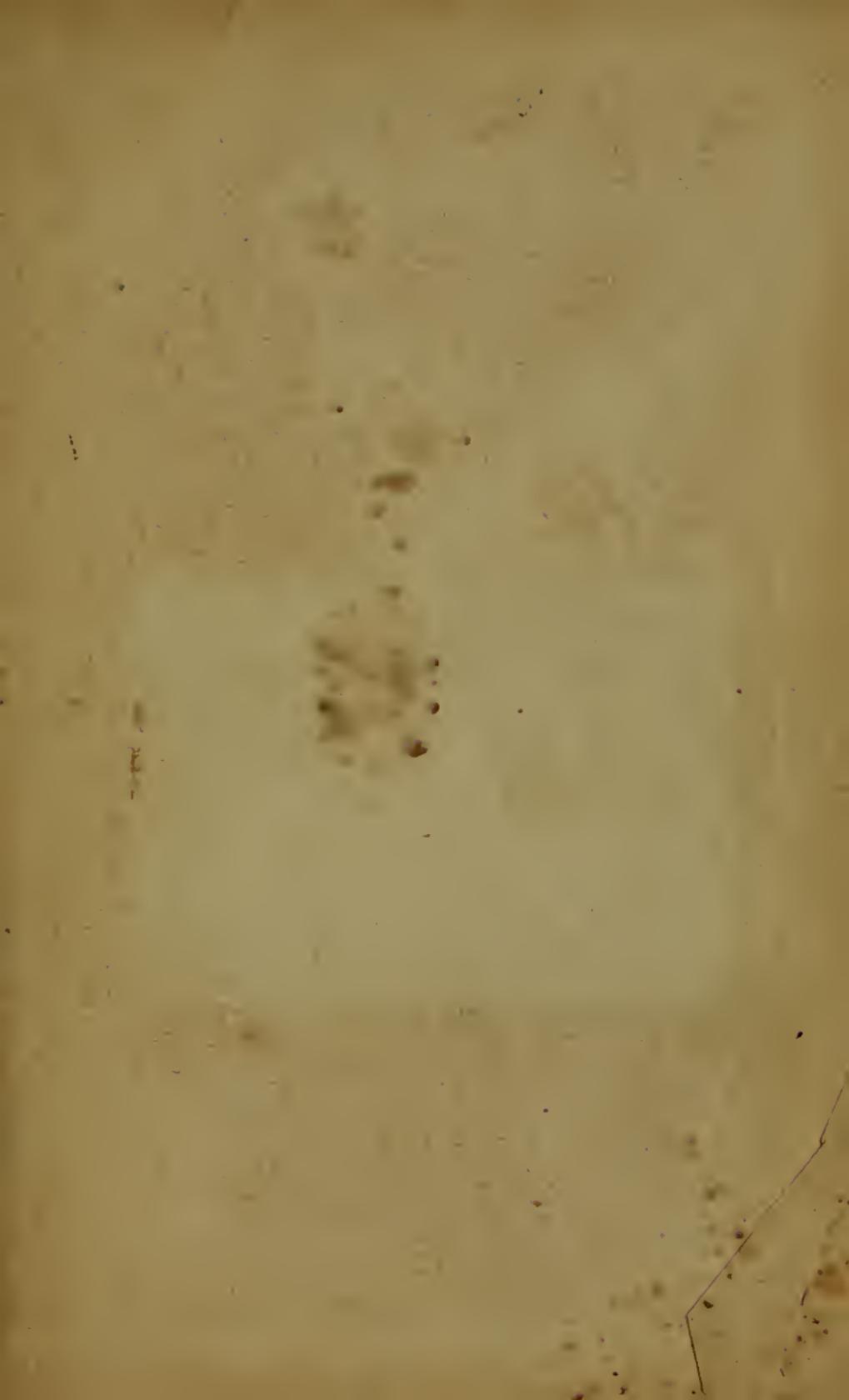
SONGS IN AFFLICION

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 2524

Shelf P53

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









SONGS IN AFFLCTION

SONGS IN AFFLCTION:

A COLLECTION OF

Miscellaneous Poems,

Written during Seasons of

PROTRACTED ILLNESS.

BY LIZZIE PATTERSON.

Rachael Elizabeth "

BALTIMORE:

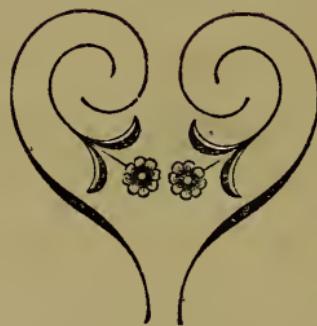
PRINTED BY SHERWOOD & CO.

N. W. CORNER BALTIMORE AND GAY STREETS.

1852.



- PS252A
P53



P R E F A C E .

THE authoress of this little volume of Poems has been induced to publish them, more in compliance with the request of a number of friends, than by any personal inclination on the subject. The most of them were written during seasons of protracted illness, and are expressive of her feelings concerning the providential dealings of the great Father above with his children, and of the comfort resulting from a contemplation of the blessedness reserved for all who sustain so happy a relation.

A critical taste will probably find here much to condemn; but humbly trusting that the feeble pressure of her spirit upon the Christian heart may cause some sympathetic chord to vibrate with gratitude and praise to the Giver of all good, she submits these poems—the casual manifestations of that spirit—to the kind consideration of her readers.

Adopting the beautiful sentiment of one whose aspirations have been followed by what she presumes not to expect,—a full response in the popular heart,—she asks not

The brightness of a mortal wreath,
Nor yet a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead;
But that perchance some faint gale of thy breath,
Some still small whisper in her song may lead
One struggling spirit upward to thy throne,
Or but one hope—one prayer—for this *alone*
She'll bless thee, gracious God.



CONTENTS.

What is in heaven.....	9
Meditation.....	10
The Great Physician.....	11
Forget me not.....	12
The Storm on Galilee.....	13
The Bible.....	14
The Redeemed.....	16
Life—Eternity.....	17
The Orphan.....	18
The Fool hath said there is no God.....	19
What is not in heaven.....	21
Jesus is precious.....	22
The Tract Distributors.....	23
An Acrostic.....	24
The Silver Cloud.....	25
The Way to Heaven.....	26
Heavenly Anticipations.....	27
A Farewell.....	28
Reminiscences.....	29
The Traveler.....	31
The Christian's Anchor.....	33

Christmas	34
God is love.....	36
What I love.....	37
The Saviour's Presence.....	39
Providence.....	40
Light in Darkness.....	41
Rest at Home.....	44
The blighted Bud.....	45
The Shipwreck.....	45
On the Death of A. M. L.....	49
Friendship.....	50
We miss thee.....	51
Safe in Heaven.....	52
The Widow's Son.....	53



SONGS IN AFFLICITION.

WHAT IS IN HEAVEN.

There are bowers for ever gay in vernal beauty,
And groves whose foliage never shall decay;
There are meadows dressed in ever-during verdure,
Thro' which bright streamlets wind their peaceful way.

There are skies that always beam with softest azure,
And gentle breezes ever sweet and clear;
And day by golden sunbeam ever brightened,
With endless happy sounds, to greet the ear.

There are homes for ever rich in dazzling grandeur,
Where dwell the ransomed in eternal joy;
Where countless tongues are ceaseless anthems swelling
Their rapturous hallelujahs through the sky.

Oh! when, thou land of endless bliss and splendor,
Shall I, a weary one, find rest in thee?
When shall these clouded eyes the King in beauty,
And all thy full undying glory see?

Roll on, roll swiftly on, ye lingering moments,
And bring the long wished, ever welcome day,
When from earth's changing scenes my happy spirit
Shall gladly wing her rapid flight away.

MEDITATION.

"My meditation of Him is sweet."—*Psalms.*

Oh, when with grateful heart I scan
The wondrous power that fashioned man,
Made me in every sense complete,
My meditation then is sweet.

And when I view the kindly care
That brought me safely through each snare
Which 'tangled my unwary feet,
My meditation then is sweet.

When press'd by sin and sorrow here,
And filled with weariness and fear,
He gives me consolation meet,
And makes my meditation sweet.

When sinking 'neath affliction's blast,
He cheers me till the storm is past;
My soul does then his praise repeat,
And finds her meditation sweet.

And when I think upon that love
Which brought Him from the world above,
To bleed and die, a ransom meet,
My meditation still is sweet.

When ghastly death shall rise in view,
His rod and staff shall guide me through,
And when in heaven I stand complete,
My hallelujahs shall be sweet.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

“Who healeth all our diseases.”—*Psalms.*

I saw a tottering little one,
His parents' joy and pride,
Their best beloved, their only son—
He sickened—fell and died.

Oh! what to them can give relief,
Or soothe the pains they feel?—
Ye stricken ones, there's not a grief
Which “heaven cannot heal.”

I saw a maiden, young and fair,
Her aged sire beside,
Who with a daughter's tender care
His every want supplied.
She passed away—he, left below,
Alone his griefs to feel,—
Oh, father, wipe thy tears of woe,
For heaven thy wound can heal.

I saw a widowed mother stand
Beside the grave of one,
Her last sad joy in this dark land,
Her cherished, only son.
Ah! hers was grief which few below
But such as she could feel;
But, mother, there is not a woe
On earth but “heaven can heal.”

I saw a wounded soul opprest
Beneath a load of fears,
And heaved with sighs his troubled breast,
And flow'd his bitter tears:—
Oh! is there balm to soothe the woe
Which wounded spirits feel?
Yes—broken hearts, there's not below
A grief but “heaven can heal.”

FORGET ME NOT.

Of all the flowers that earth can boast,
In every verdant spot,
There's one sweet flower I love the most,
'Tis named—“FORGET ME NOT.”

It speaks of those whose hearts are true,
Whatever be my lot;
Unchanging, firm, through weal or woe,
They still—“FORGET ME NOT.”

When far away from friends I roam,
And fear to be forgot,
It whispers cheering words from home,
The loved—“FORGET ME NOT.”

When I shall slumber in the tomb,
In some secluded spot,
Let these sweet flowers around me bloom,
And breathe—“FORGET ME NOT!”

THE STORM ON GALILEE.

Dark the night, and thick and dreary ;
Sullen gloom the skies enshrouds ;
And the stars, with sickly glimmer,
Long have sunk behind the clouds.

Could the eyes but pierce the shadows
Resting now on Galilee,
They might see a lonely vessel
Toiling on that stormy sea.

Loud around her winds are howling ;
Fierce the raging billows roar ;
Fear hath seized each trembling spirit,
As across her deck they pour.

No ! there's one, now calmly sleeping,
'Mid that sea's tempestuous throes ;
Not the wind's nor waves' wild fury
Can disturb his calm repose.

These have not the power to rouse him ;
But when faintly on his ear
Falls the cry, " Save, Lord, we perish,"
Soon he wakes that cry to hear.

And the Saviour, slowly rising,
Turns on them a chiding eye ;
" Where's your faith—oh ! why so fearful,
When ye knew your Lord was nigh ?"

Then, with voice of sweetest cadence,
Mixed with mildest majesty,
“ Cease,” he said, “ ye winds, your tumult;
Peace, be still, thou raging sea.”

Those around, in deep amazement,
On each other gaze and say,
“ Whence this man, whose gentle mandate
Even winds and waves obey?”

As a babe on mother’s bosom,
Hush’d its fretting, sinks to rest,
So the waves had sunk to slumber
On that lake’s unruffled breast.

Saviour, thou hast calmed the billow;
Calm the tempest of my will,
And when tossed on waves of sorrow,
Speak to them; say, “ Peace, be still.”

THE BIBLE.

When mournfully thinking of joys I have cherished,
As fair as the flowers of youth’s cloudless May,
Which, alas! like those wind-scattered blossoms, have
perished,
On life’s rapid current borne swiftly away;
Yet soon to my sorrowful spirit is spoken
These words, from yon volume so blessed and pure,
“ Press onward in hope, tho’ thy heart may be broken,
For joys that I offer are fadeless and sure.”

When wandering alone in this dark vale of sorrow,
By poverty's toils overburdened, depressed,
How cheerless to me is the thought of the morrow,
Which giveth no promise of comfort or rest.
But still from this book in kind accents is sounding,
“Look up, weary one, to thy Father on high,
And quickly thy heart shall in gladness be bounding,
For He loves, and will cherish, and ever be nigh.”

When wearisome nights and long days of affliction
Have swept every prospect of pleasure away,
And my heart being filled with the deepest dejection,
Sees naught in the future but fear and dismay;
Even then to my soul is a voice ever calling,
Which biddeth me banish my doubting and grief,
And dry all the tears that so freely are falling,
For Jesus the Healer will give me relief.
And when by the side of death's cold rolling river,
My soul may in fear and despondency stand,
Will any be near needed succor to give her,
And bring her safe over to yon happy land?
As soft as the flowing of Siloa's fountain,
The answering sound from that volume I hear,
“Be trustful and fearless; from Zion's bright mountain
Thy Saviour and Friend for thy help will appear.”

But, ah! when I think of yon clay-home so dreary,
And of the companions that wait for me there,
Though here on the earth I be lonely and weary,
I should shrink from that dwelling in gloomy despair,

Did not these sweet words ever round me keep ringing,

“The sleepers in Jesus with joy shall arise,
To meet their Redeemer, and enter with singing
The mansions of glory beyond the blue skies.”

THE REDEEMED.

“And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee in the wilderness. And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, and brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint.”—*Deuteronomy*.

“And they stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.”—*Rev.*

I see a bright host of redeemed ones in heaven,
Rich crowns of pure gold on their foreheads they wear ;
To them were the white robes of righteousness given,
While the palm-wreaths of victory in triumph they bear.

They range those green fields with the light step of gladness,

And sing of the journey through which they have come ;
Of all its great woes, tribulations and sadness,
And how their Redeemer has brought them safe home.

They sing of the time when deep anguish and sorrow
Like a sea lay before, while their foes were behind ;
But how, when they turned to look back, on the morrow,
That sea had been parted, no foes could they find.

They sing of the hour, when in doubt and dejection,
They murmured, refusing His word to obey,
When He, in his love, sent the rod of correction,
And led them in penitence back to his way.

They sing of the dangers with which they had striven
The wilderness through—of their hunger and thirst;
How He had sustained them with manna from heaven,
And from the hard rock made the sweet waters burst.

Then loud ring their notes in a full swelling chorus—
A chorus the seraphim never can sing,
“ To Him who so loved that his life he gave for us,
To Him be more glory than angels can bring.”

LIFE—ETERNITY.

Our life is like a short-lived flower,
Which blooms but to decay ;
Or like the dews of early morn
That quickly pass away.

’Tis like the meteor’s sudden flight
Across the realms of air ;
We gaze with wonder on the sight ;
’Tis gone—and naught is there.

But far beyond this vale of tears,
In realms of endless day,
There is a land where flowers bloom ;
Bloom never to decay.

There all is bright and ever fair ;
There all in concert move,
And naught is seen in that blest land
But harmony and love.

THE ORPHAN.

An orphan sinking 'neath dejection,
Poor and scorned by the proud;
O how bitter the reflection,
Should reflection be allowed.

Left without a friend to cheer me,
Or to guide me, when I stray,
Through this earth so dark and dreary,
Filled with dangers all the way.

Cease, my soul, this strain of sadness,
One there is who hears each sigh!
He who wept to give thee gladness,
Died that thou mayst never die.

Calmly on his arms relying,
Ever in his footsteps tread;
He will guide through life; when dying
Will support thy sinking head.

Praise to him the King of heaven,
For the comfort he bestows;
And the consolation given,
Healing balm for all our woes.

When this night of sin and sorrow,
With its cheerless shades, is o'er,
I shall on that glorious morrow
Wake to triumph and adore.

THE FOOL HATH SAID THERE IS NO GOD.

“No God?” Go sweep the sun away
And shroud the moon’s sweet silvery ray,
Nor let one star with trembling light
Be left to cheer the dreary night;
Yet know such night, compared to thine,
Is brightest day when sunbeams shine.

Behold yon man in shattered bark,
Borne on a high and tossing wave,
The heavens above and round all dark,
Before a yawning watery grave;
On either side foul quicksands deep,
And rocky shoals and whirlpools strong,
While howling winds around him sweep
And force that fragile bark along;
If there’s no God, e’en on such sea,
That man is safe compared to thee.

“No God?”—See yonder little cot,
So queen-like in that verdant spot,
Her loyal subjects, trees and flowers,
And smiling fields and shady bowers;
Come, skeptic, enter there and see,
That loving happy family.
The father, now his day’s work o’er,
Is seated at his cottage door,
While round, his children light and free,
Are shouting in their gladsome glee,

While she, the partner of his cares,
The plenteous evening meal prepares ;
Note thou those happy ones awhile,
Her joyful looks, his pleasant smile,
And when their hearts are thus o'erflowed
With holy, sweet domestic bliss,
Go tell him, then, there is no God,
No brighter, better land than this,
That when a few short years are o'er
They all shall sleep to wake no more;
Nor yet the outward frame alone
The better part, all it hath known,
Enjoyed or loved, too shall decay ;
The soul herself shall pass away.
Oh, spoiler! not the famine drear,
Nor pestilence, nor bloody war,
Nor quaking earth, nor tempest's power,
Nor thunderbolt, nor lava shower,
Not these, though awful is their might,
E'er had such power glad scenes to blight,
As these dread words, those hearts to sere,
And naught to *leave* but *desert* there.

“ No God ? ”—thou ever rolling sea,
So vast, so full of majesty,
Is this the burden of their cry
As thy huge waves dash swiftly by ?
The sea, in murmurs hoarse and loud,
Replies, “ ‘ Tis not. There is a God.”

“ No God ?” thou awful mount of flame,
 Around whose brow fierce lightnings dwell,
Thy thunders, do they this proclaim,
 When deep and long they roll and swell?
The mountain, with an angry sound,
 Sends forth afresh her fiery flood,
And bids those thunders echoing round
 Give answer, “ No, there is a God.”

“ No God ?” thou little sparkling rill,
 That dancest on in merry glee ;
Ye verdant plains, thou sunny hill,
 Is this the song ye sing to me ?
Methinks a sadder tone I hear,
As their responses greet my ear !

“ Oh no ! we sing there dwells above
A God of wisdom, power, and love.”

WHAT IS NOT IN HEAVEN.

No falling leaf, nor blighted bower;
No withered branch, no fading flower;
No thorns are there 'mid roses found;
No pois'nois serpents lurking round;
No dreary desert meets the sight;
No cheerless, long and weary night;
No famine lean, with brow of care;
No cruel, devastating war;
No breeze with pestilential breath
Brings noonday plague nor midnight death;

No lowering sky, no lightning's flash,
No thunder's sound, no earthquake's crash;
No throbbing heart, no aching brow;
No pallid cheek with hectic glow;
No languid pulse, nor racking pain,
Nor burning thirst, nor fevered brain;
No dull, deaf ear, nor eye-ball dim,
Nor speechless tongue, nor palsied limb;
No hunger there, no half-clad form
Exposed to winter's pelting storm;
No fireless hearth, no leaky shed,
No ceaseless toil for daily bread;
No scalding tears o'erflow the eyes
For fruitless hopes and fleeting joys;
No smothered sigh, no pent-up grief,
No piteous cry for swift relief;
No hasty word the soul to rend
And sadly part the friend from friend;
No hearts that sweetly blend in love
A separation there shall prove;
No sorrow, danger, toil nor care;
No pain, no death, no *sin* is there.

JESUS IS PRECIOUS.

When sad and o'erburdened by sorrow and pain,
How cheering to know that the Lord can sustain;
To feel the sweet peace that he only can give,
For Jesus is precious to those who believe.

When by wiles of the tempter and evils within,
Our souls are discouraged and led into sin,
Confessing our guilt, we his pardon receive,
And find him still precious to those who believe.

When Death's chilling hand takes the friend that we
How sweet to remember the one that's above ; [love,
Who hears every sigh, shall each sorrow relieve,
For Jesus is precious to those who believe.

But, oh, when the Saviour shall call us away
From earth's gloomy scenes to the mansions of day,
With what thrilling rapture the call we'll receive,
Since He is so precious to those who believe.

THE TRACT DISTRIBUTORS.*

Still, ye messengers of mercy,
Still in hope pursue your way,
Let no trial here deter you,
God himself shall be your stay.

All the good may now be hidden
By your gifts accomplished here;
Yet when earth and time have vanished,
Clearly will that good appear.

*They had left with me several tracts, entitled, "Peace to the troubled conscience," "Light to the doubting," "Grace to succor the afflicted," &c., the perusal of which afforded me great comfort.

Should the proud with chilling coldness
All your visits still receive,
Yet to many an aching bosom
They will joy and comfort give.

“Peace” ye brought to me when “troubled,”
“Light” to guide my “doubting” mind,
“Grace to succor” when “afflicted,”
And when erring, “warning” kind.

May the God of heaven still bless you,
Richly bless you with his love;
And when all life’s toils are over,
May you rest with him above.

A N A C R O S T I C.

Suggested by the death of a young friend, who remarked to his mother immediately before his departure, “Your Guardian Angel, mother, oh! how I would love that.”

C anst thou hear me, dearest mother,
H ear the rustling of my wing,
A s across thy path I hover,
R eady joy and peace to bring ?
L ow in prayer I see thee bending ;
E arnest is thine every word ;
S ure thou hear’st the whispered answer,
M other, peace—thy cry is heard.
C ease to mourn ; I oft am with thee ;
C almly wait till life is o’er ;
O h ! we then shall meet in rapture—
Y es ! we’ll meet to part no more.

THE SILVER CLOUD.

On reading in the Methodist Protestant a prose article,
entitled "The Cloud with the Silver Lining."

Sweet childhood's hours, to others bright

With so much mirthfulness and joy,

To me, alas! were robed in night—

For then a cloud rose on my sky.

And youthful days—so free, so glad—

When hearts with hope and pleasure thrill,

Me weary found—and faint, and sad—

For then that cloud loomed heavier still.

And thus from childhood to this day

It on my sky hath ever hung,

And spread a darkness o'er my way,

By dreary shadows from it flung.

Yet e'en in youth it wore some gleams—

And yonder glorious sun, so bright,

Ere yet I knew—with cheering beams

Had edged it all around with light.

And now, with Faith's strong eagle eye,

I pierce the shades life's scenes enshroud,

And clearly through them all descry

A silver lining to the cloud!

And when from earth and sin set free—

No dimming haze to blind my view—

Methinks my raptured soul shall see

That cloud is silver through and through!

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

“And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there.”—*Isaiah*.

The King of heaven designed a way
To lead from earth to realms of day,
And sent his servant to declare
His counsel, and the way prepare.
A glorious highway let it be
For all who choose to enter—free;
The rich may not despise the poor,
But seek his comfort to secure.
And it shall be a way so clean,
That naught impure shall there be seen;
For all its travelers shall possess
The precious gift of righteousness.
I will that it be made so plain,
That even the wayfaring man,
Though fool he be, need never err,
But walk in full assurance there.
A way where dangers are not known,
No lion shall go up thereon;
No ravenous beast will lurk around,
But the redeemed shall there be found.
And it shall be a way of joy,
Whose pleasures are without alloy;

And where, with songs of gladness crown'd,
The pilgrims' voices shall resound.
And as they to its close draw near,
The way shall brighter still appear;
Still leading to the land of love,
My holy, happy home above.

~~~~~  

## HEAVENLY ANTICIPATIONS.

"And there shall be no more sorrow, nor sighing, nor any more death."—*Isaiah*.

When tossing on life's stormy sea,  
By wave and tempest driven,  
Fearless, our course shall onward be;—  
There are *no storms* in heaven.

And though by death's all-severing blow  
Our dearest ties are riven,  
We'll calmly sing, as on we go—  
Friends *never part* in heaven.]

Should grief and pain and anxious care,  
By God to us be given,  
This thought shall drive away each fear—  
*These* cannot enter heaven.

And when the hour of death shall come,  
And we have nobly striven,  
We'll sweetly slumber in the tomb—  
There is *no death* in heaven.

## A FAREWELL.

ADDRESSED TO REV. J. J. M——, MY PASTOR.

Fare thee well ; may God support thee,  
Calm to rest thy rising fears ;  
Heavenly wisdom still direct thee  
Through this lonely vale of tears.

Fare thee well in every trial  
Thou on earth art called to feel ;  
Be the precious balm of Gilead  
Still applied each wound to heal.

Fare thee well when thou art passing  
Over Jordan's stormy wave ;  
Be the Saviour's presence with thee ;  
Fare thee well beyond the grave.

Fare thee well when earth is burning,  
And the heavens flee away ;  
When the stars around are falling,  
Fare thee well in that dread day.

Fare thee well throughout life's journey ;  
Fare thee well when life is o'er ;  
Fare thee well when time's no longer ;  
Fare thee well for evermore.

## REMINISCENCES.

ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF MANY YEARS.

“I see around me here  
Things which you cannot see ; we die, my friend,  
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved  
And prized, in his peculiar nook of earth,  
Dies with him or is changed.” WORDSWORTH.

And can it be that now I roam  
About my childhood’s happy home ?  
These straggling shrubs before my view,  
Are they the shrubs that near it grew ?  
Do now I press the very sod  
My little feet so lightly trod,  
When on a hasty errand sent,  
Or on some childish pleasure bent ?

I turn to see the cherished things  
That fancy full before me brings ;  
A noble lilac bush was there,  
Whose breath with fragrance filled the air ;  
I gathered blossoms from its stem,  
And decked the mantelpiece with them.

Here stood a little modest rose ;  
I’ve watched its beauteous buds unclose,  
And many a lovely Sabbath morn  
A flower from it my hands have borne,  
As o’er the fields, with cheerful air,  
I sought the holy house of prayer.

See, there's another precious spot :  
The garden's gently sloping plot,  
Where violets, pinks and lilies bloomed,  
And every secret nook perfumed.

The spring, so cool with sparkling sheen,  
In yonder shaded spot was seen,  
And oft in childhood at its brink  
I stooped with joy to dip and drink.

O, can it be that this bright gleam  
On memory's picture is a dream ?  
For now I look in vain to see  
A single flower, a bush, or tree,  
That does the least resemblance bear  
To those which then appeared so fair.

The well beloved of that glad day,  
My early friends, where now are they ?  
Ah, some o'er weary earth still range,  
And mourn its griefs, decay and change ;  
While some in Jesus sweetly sleep,  
And never more shall wake to weep ;  
But oh how soothing to my pain,  
The thought that we shall meet again ;  
Shall meet in yon unchanging clime,  
Beyond the reach of earth and time,  
Where things we prize shall ne'er decay,  
Where those we love ne'er pass away.

## THE TRAVELER.

"A man shall be an hiding place from the storm, a shadow from the heat, as rivers of waters in a dry place."—*Isaiah.*

See a lonely traveler haste  
O'er yon desert's trackless waste;  
Wearied with the toilsome way,  
Yet his footsteps do not stay.

Far beyond those burning sands  
His beloved cottage stands;  
Thitherward his steps all tend,  
There his journey's toils will end.

"Wand'rer, in the distant sky  
Dost thou not a spot descry?  
Seek yon covert, ere that cloud  
Weave for thee a sandy shroud."

Tempest signs are hung on high,  
Round the vivid lightnings fly,  
Scarce a single sound we hear,  
Save the thunder muttering near.

Far from home and all alone,  
Still that traveler hasteth on;  
"Anxious one, dismiss thy fears,  
Lo! a hiding place appears."

Fainting 'neath the noontide heat,  
On he plods with languid feet;

“ There a rock, with shadow free,  
Offers rest to comfort thee.”

Parched with thirst, his eager eye  
Looks around a spring to spy;  
“ List! what sound salutes thine ear?  
See, a bubbling fount is here.”

Journeying through this dreary land,  
Soon to join yon heavenly band,  
Weary in life’s toilsome way,  
Still my steps I dare not stay.

Satan’s sand-clouds may be there,  
Borne along on deadly air;  
Yet in Christ I ever find  
Shelter from temptation’s wind.

Storms of justice may arise,  
Clouds of wrath may veil my skies,  
Yet from these will Jesus’ grace  
Be to me a hiding place.

When in sorrow’s sultry hour  
Joys are withered as a flower,  
Constant peace in him I prove,  
Shadowed by his boundless love.

Here, to quench my spirit’s thirst,  
Springs of living water burst,  
Which are flowing free-and pure,  
And shall evermore endure.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S ANCHOR.

How oft when youthful skies are clear,  
And joy's sweet breezes round us play,  
We dream that as through life we steer  
The morrow shall be like to-day.

We paint each scene with rainbow hues,  
And gaily sail on stormless seas,  
While Hope, through life's bright future, views  
The port she thinks to make with ease.

But ah! how soon dark clouds of woe  
Spread o'er those skies a deepening shade,  
And waves of sorrow overflow,  
And all the rainbow glories fade.

'Tis thus earth's hopes, however bright,  
Expire and vanish, one by one,  
E'en as the shore recedes from sight,  
When glides the free bark swiftly on.

Yet the redeemed, with anchor firm,  
Time's swelling billows shall outride,  
And far beyond the raging storm  
Shall make the port on Canaan's side.

Oh may this bright and blissful hope  
Fill my poor heart with joy and peace,  
Bid me 'mid all life's storms look up  
To yon blest land, where storms shall cease.

And when with life's last gale I've striven,  
    And all its raging waves have pass'd,  
Oh, may I, in the port of heaven,  
    My anchor Hope securely cast.

---

### C H R I S T M A S .

There was in Bethlehem, long ago,  
    A lowly infant born,  
Whose every hour seemed marked for woe,  
    For poverty and scorn.

For there, beneath an humble shed,  
    The Lord of earth and skies  
Deigned first below to lay his head,  
    And opened first his eyes.

And when he up to manhood grew,  
    A man of griefs was he ;  
His followers a despised few,  
    An humble company.

Thus low he seemed, yet raised the dead,  
    And cleansed the leper's stain,  
And with five little loaves of bread  
    He fed five thousand men.

He healed the sick, the deaf, the maimed ;  
    He caused the blind to see,  
And with a word the tempest tamed  
    On raging Galilee.

And still he labored for their good  
In weariness and pain,  
While they in malice him pursued,  
And sought his death to gain.

To Pilate's judgment hall they bring  
And there accused him,  
As one who sought to be a king  
And rule Jerusalem.

And by their malice he was urged  
The Saviour to condemn ;  
But when his precious form they scourged,  
He mildly prayed for them.

And, crucified on Calvary's brow,  
He yielded up his breath ;  
He, at whose *feet* the angels bow,  
There bowed his *head* in death.

But, having left the gloomy grave,  
He ever lives above,  
Our guilty, sinful souls to save,  
And bless them with his love.

Then let us love him more and more  
Who died that we might live ;  
And when this mortal life is o'er  
We'll ceaseless praises give.

## GOD IS LOVE.

Ask the glittering hosts on high,  
Who reign in endless bliss and joy,  
Who cast their crowns at Jesus' feet,  
And "holy, holy," still repeat,  
What is God, who dwells above?  
They shout in rapture, "God is love."

Ask the saints, who safe and blest  
Now range the happy fields of rest,  
And free from sorrow, fear and sin,  
Are ever with the Lord shut in,  
What is God, whose bliss you prove?  
Their songs re-echo, "God is love."

Ask the mourning sinner here,  
When grace has vanquished every fear,  
And guilt's dark night has passed away,  
Succeeded by a joyful day,  
Why did mercy toward you move?  
Lo! he answers, "God is love."

Ask ye why the sinner lives,  
And why with him the Spirit strives,  
Who, heedless of the voice of God,  
Still rushes on the downward road?  
Oh is it not this truth to prove,  
This glorious truth, that "God is love?"

Ask Satan and his mighty host,  
Who dwell where hope and joy are lost,  
Whose own sad choice has placed them there,  
Down in the realms of dark despair,  
What is God, 'gainst whom ye strove?  
And hell must answer, "God is love."

Angel hosts and saints in heaven,  
Mourning souls on earth forgiven,  
The haughty sinner here below,  
The wretched in the world of woe,  
All join to prove that God above  
Is boundless, free, eternal love.

---

### W H A T I L O V E.

I love the beauteous summer flowers  
That breathe sweet fragrance all around;  
I love the free and cooling showers  
Which gladden all the thirsty ground.

I love to view the orb of day,  
As quietly he sinks to rest,  
And with his latest lingering ray  
Lights up the distant glowing west.

I love to see eve's gorgeous cloud,  
When penciled o'er with golden hue,

Ere night, with dark and gloomy shroud,  
Has hid those radiant tints from view.

I love to gaze on yon lone star,  
Which cheers the evening's deep'ning gloom;  
It points to that bright land afar,  
Where shades and darkness never come.

I love when summer's day is done,  
And all around is calm and still,  
To see night's queen from her dark throne  
Shed silvery light o'er plain and hill.

I love the gladsome waterfall ;  
Its murmuring songs are sweet to me,  
And pleasant memories recall  
Of days that were from sorrow free.

I love these scenes of nature well ;  
They make my heart with rapture thrill ;  
But oh, far more than tongue can tell,  
I love my heavenly Father's will.

I love far more my Saviour's voice,  
Which speaks my every sin forgiven,  
And bids my captive soul rejoice  
In peace and liberty and heaven.

## THE SAVIOUR'S PRESENCE.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—*Exodus*.

Cheering words! how full of comfort!  
How they calm my troubled breast!  
They amid each scene of trial  
Give my spirit constant rest.

Great afflictions then may press me,  
Anguish deep may fill my heart,  
And life's heavy griefs distress me;  
Still will they sweet peace impart.

Death's dark valley may alarm me,  
When its shadows round me fall,  
But its dangers cannot harm me—  
Christ will lead me safe through all.

Yes, His smiles give joy in sorrow,  
Heal my pain, my griefs control,  
Bid me tread death's dreary valley  
With a firm, unfaltering soul.

When I reach the promised Canaan,  
That rich land where all are blest,  
Free from toil and pain for ever,  
I shall in His presence rest.

## PROVIDENCE.

"Lo, I am with you always."—*Matthew.*

Who speaks this soul-inspiring word?  
And may we rest on it assured?  
'Tis He who said, "Let there be light,"  
And lo! it bursts upon the sight.  
'Tis He whose nod the floods obey,  
And sweep a guilty world away;  
At whose dread voice a fiery rain  
Destroys the cities of the plain.  
'Tis He who plagued proud Pharaoh's land  
With many a desolation band;  
Who clothed its skirt in blackest cloud,  
And turned its waters all to blood;  
'Tis He who quenched the raging flame,  
And made the hungry lions tame,  
For those who truly loved his cause,  
And trustingly obeyed his laws.  
As, then, it is the Almighty Lord  
Who utters this consoling word,  
Should not our hearts delight to prove  
His grace and condescending love?  
Confidingly on him depend,  
For he is our unchanging friend.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

The writer of the following lines, after a long season of spiritual darkness, first felt her interest in the Saviour's blood during a sermon preached by the Rev. A. W—, from Matt. 11: 3-5, "Art thou he that should come," &c.

Once my soul was sad and gloomy,  
Scarce one ray of heavenly light  
Shone upon my darkened spirit,  
In that almost cheerless night.

Taught to feel myself a sinner  
By the Spirit of all grace,  
Weary with the heavy burden,  
Longing to behold his face.

"Art thou He to come?" I questioned,  
With a sad and anxious heart;  
"Am I one of thy dear children?  
Or have I in thee no part?"

Oft the tempter whispered, saying,  
"There's no help in God for thee;  
Others may enjoy his favor,  
Thine this portion shall not be."

"Why then seekest thou in sorrow?  
Comfort thou shalt seek in vain;  
Why pursue this hopeless pathway?  
Turn to ways of sin again."

But I cried with earnest pleading,  
“ Lord, thou knowest all my grief ;  
Thou alone canst light my darkness,  
Bring, O bring me sweet relief.”

Soon the One who, rich in mercy,  
Bends to hear the feeblest cry,  
By his servant, heaven-commissioned,  
Sent an answer from on high.

“ Go, deliver her this message :  
Say, the blind receive their sight,  
And the mind, by sin once darkened,  
Now beholds my glorious light.

“ Tell her that the deaf are hearing,  
Those who never heard my voice  
Listen now to gracious teachings  
Which shall make their hearts rejoice.

“ Tell her that the lame are walking,  
With glad footsteps in my ways ;  
That the tongue, long sealed in silence,  
Now sounds forth its rapturous praise ;

“ That the sin-polluted leper  
My all-cleansing power has reached ;  
To the poor and broken-hearted  
Is this blessed gospel preached.”

When these joy-imparting tidings  
Fell upon my spirit's ear,  
My sad heart was filled with gladness,  
Gone was every doubt and fear.

Then I sang with sweet assurance,  
“I was blind, but now I see ;  
Once was dumb, now sing thy praises,  
Lame, but now I walk with thee.

“Thou hast cleansed the loathsome leper,  
Washed my guilt's deep stains away ;  
Thou hast healed my wounded spirit,  
Turned my darkness into day.”

Ever since, 'mid deep affliction,  
He has filled my soul with peace,  
And I still rejoice in prospect  
Of that land where pain shall cease.

Heavenly Father, bless thy servant  
By whose lips this message came ;  
Fill him with all needed wisdom,  
Give him power to spread thy fame.

Let him find with thee communion,  
May his heart burn with thy love ;  
Give him souls to seal his mission,  
Give him endless life above.

## REST AT HOME.

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”  
*Hebrews.*

Traveler, faint, and sad, and weary,  
Far away from sheltering dome,  
Should thy path here all be dreary,  
“There is rest for thee at home.”

Fainting one, whose sky is starless,  
Clouded o'er with heavy gloom,  
Struggle onward—ever fearless,—  
“There is rest for thee at home.”

Mourner in this vale of sorrow,  
All whose friends are in the tomb,  
Calmly wait a joyful morrow,—  
“There is rest for thee at home.”

So, amid each trial-season  
Which to all the faithful come,  
Time may not reveal the reason,  
But will bring them “rest at home.”

“Rest” for every care-worn spirit ;  
“Rest” above night’s starry dome ;  
“Rest” God’s children all inherit,  
Everlasting “rest at home.”

## THE BLIGHTED BUD.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF AN INTERESTING CHILD.

I gazed upon a lovely bud,  
Which promise gave of blossom fair;  
In nature's beauteous bower it stood,  
And with its fragrance filled the air.

Again I looked—a storm had passed  
Which bore destruction on its wing,  
And, rudely broken by the blast,  
It lay a withered, faded thing.

My heart grew sad that aught so fair  
So soon should fade and pass away;  
So soon should feel death's wintry air,  
And 'neath his frosty touch decay.

But see! in yonder land of light,  
Where tempest clouds shall never lower;  
Where nothing can its beauty blight,  
It lives—an ever-blooming flower.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

See yon vessel onward gliding  
With her banners to the breeze;  
All is calm—no ill betiding,  
And she sails along with ease.

When she left her port in gladness,  
Some had parting tears to shed,  
Though bright hope dispelled the sadness  
Which around their hearts had spread.

Now she sails along securely,  
Not a danger near her seems,  
Till the storm, in all its fury,  
Starts her sailor from his dreams.

Hark! that crash, her masts are falling,  
See! her sails in pieces torn,  
Fear and dread each heart appalling  
As she o'er the waves is borne.

All their efforts cannot save her,  
And they find a watery grave ;  
All save one have sunk for ever  
'Neath the dark and dreary wave.

Widowed mother, cease thy grieving,  
Wipe away those falling tears ;  
See a man yon vessel leaving,  
Lo! thy long-lost son appears.

Mother, in the depths of ocean  
All our gallant sailors sleep ;  
And the winds in wild commotion,  
Saddest vigils o'er them keep.

As they sank a wave rolled o'er me,  
And I gave up all for lost;  
But the billow safely bore me  
To a savage, barren coast.

When I woke on that dread morrow,  
Finding every comrade gone,  
Truly bitter was my sorrow,  
Feverish, weak, and all alone.

Then I raised my voice to heaven,  
Prayed to Him who rules on high ;  
And to me was comfort given,  
For I felt the Lord was nigh.

Soon a savage chieftain's daughter  
Found me helpless on the shore ;  
Saved me by her prayer from slaughter,  
To her hut the pale face bore.

Softest pity, ever swelling  
Gentle woman's loving breast,  
In that Indian maiden's dwelling  
Lulled my every care to rest.

Her light hand my temples laving  
Made me think of thee and home ;  
And amid my fever's raving  
There my mind would often roam.

When I rose, still help requiring,  
On her arm I leaned for aid;  
Smiling she would say, inquiring,  
Pale face loves the Indian maid?

Mother, could I help but love her?  
She had turned aside death's blow,  
And ever round my cot did hover,  
Sweetly soothing all my woe.

Her kind looks and pure caresses,  
And her gentle eye of love,  
Stirred within my heart's recesses,  
Bade its deep affections move.

When this dreary region leaving  
For the home and friends so dear,  
She, in love to me still cleaving,  
Thus made known her anxious fear:

Wilt thou leave White-Fawn behind thee?  
Sadly then she'd pine and die ;  
She would roam the world to find thee,  
To its farthest verge would fly.

Mother, she has braved each danger,  
Left the scenes to her most dear ;  
Wilt thou not receive the stranger  
With a mother's love and care?

Maiden, this loved one had perished,  
When so far from home and me,  
Hadst thou not in kindness cherished,—  
Now I'll love and cherish thee.

~~~~~  

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A. M. L.—.

Should we weep with tears of anguish
O'er her early blighted bloom?
Would we have her longer languish
Here in weariness and gloom?

Few of days and full of sorrow
Is our heritage below ;
Still we hope for joy to-morrow,
Which, alas ! brings heavy woe.

Where are now the hopes we cherished
In our youthful happy day ;
They, like autumn leaves, have perished,
By life's tempest swept away.

But, for ever free from sadness,
Where no disappointments come,
And where naught is felt but gladness,
Dwells she in her far off home.

There her heart now thrills with rapture,
There her voice in praise resounds,
Praise to Him who throughout nature
Shows his love, which has no bounds.

FRIENDSHIP.

“And what is friendship but a name.”

And is it so?—can none be found
Whose hearts with noblest impulse bound?
No one whose friendship, firm and pure,
Shall even through life’s woes endure?

Methinks those drink not at its spring
Who thus of holy friendship sing;
Their hearts ne’er tasted the sweet bliss
That flows from fount so pure as this.

We know that some may friends appear
While all around is calm and clear,
Yet stand aloof when on our skies
The angry storms of sorrow rise.

But still our hearts can ne’er believe
That real friendship will deceive;
For they have proved its soothing power
Through many a dark and trying hour.

And what is friendship? askest thou;
Wouldst thou its value fully know?
It is a priceless gem and fair,
That proudly decks the brow of care.

It is a form of beauty bright,
Sent down to earth from realms of light,
To soothe our pain, to calm our fears,
And cheer us through this vale of tears.

WE MISS THEE.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF C. M'C.—.

We miss thee in the early morn,
When starting from our sleep,
We rise in haste to seek thy cot,
Our daily watch to keep.

We miss thee at the hour of eve,
When gathered round the door,
We wait to hear thy coming step—
Thy step we hear no more.

We miss thee at our daily meals;
Thy vacant chair is near;
And turning round to bid thee come,
We find thou art not here.

We miss thee 'mid our social hours
Of harmless mirth and glee,
And raise our eyes to meet thy smile—
No more thy smile we see.

We miss thee, too, when from the eye
The tears of sorrow flow;
For thou with sweetest sympathy
Didst soothe our hearts in woe.

We miss thee when our rambling feet
Have found their home again,
And list to hear thy greeting voice—
But still we list in vain.

We miss thee, for on every side
Remembrances we see,
Which draw our aching hearts away
In yearnings after thee.

We miss thee here, but in yon world
Of changeless love and joy,
With angel brothers there thou art,
Our loved, our missing boy.

SAFE IN HEAVEN.

AN APOSTROPHE TO A RECENTLY DECEASED FRIEND, M. C. B.—.

Joy to thee, our friend and sister,
For thy weary race is run;
Thou hast gained the goal before us,
And the crown of victory won.

Thou hast entered yon bright city,
Seen its glories round thee gleam,
Heard its soul-entrancing music,
Quenched thy thirst at life's pure stream.

Thou hast bowed, with awe and rapture,
Near the rainbow-circled throne;
And the Saviour's smiling welcome
Filled thy heart with bliss unknown.

Rapt in speechless joy and wonder,
Now, methinks, I see thee stand,
Gazing with unclouded vision
On the splendors of that land.

Then with loosened tongue exclaiming,
“ Half has never yet been told
Of the bliss and fadeless beauty
Hearts here feel and eyes behold.

“ Can, oh can this be the portion
Jesus hath prepared for me?
Is it, is it mine for ever?
Shall I no more sorrow see?”

Yes, 'tis thine, thou happy spirit,
Bought by Jesus' blood for thee;
Thou this glory shalt inherit,
From all pain for ever free.

Soon we hope to join thee, sister,
Join thee in that sweetest song:
“ Everlasting praise to Jesus;
Praise and power to Him belong.”

THE WIDOW'S SON.

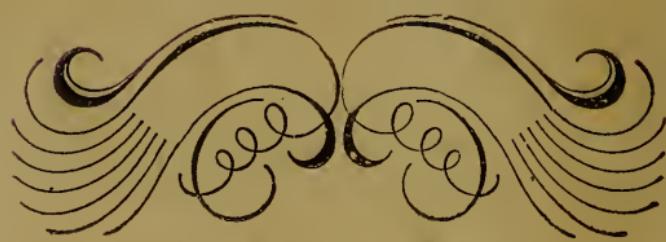
The sun awakes, and from his opening eye
Bright gleams of joy are sent; one glance from which
Is shining through the gently waving boughs
Of Lebanon's dark cedars; while another
Glitters like pearl upon the snowy crowns
High Hermon ever wears; the face of nature
Lit up with love, returns his joyous gaze
With answering smiles; and sweetest carols bursting

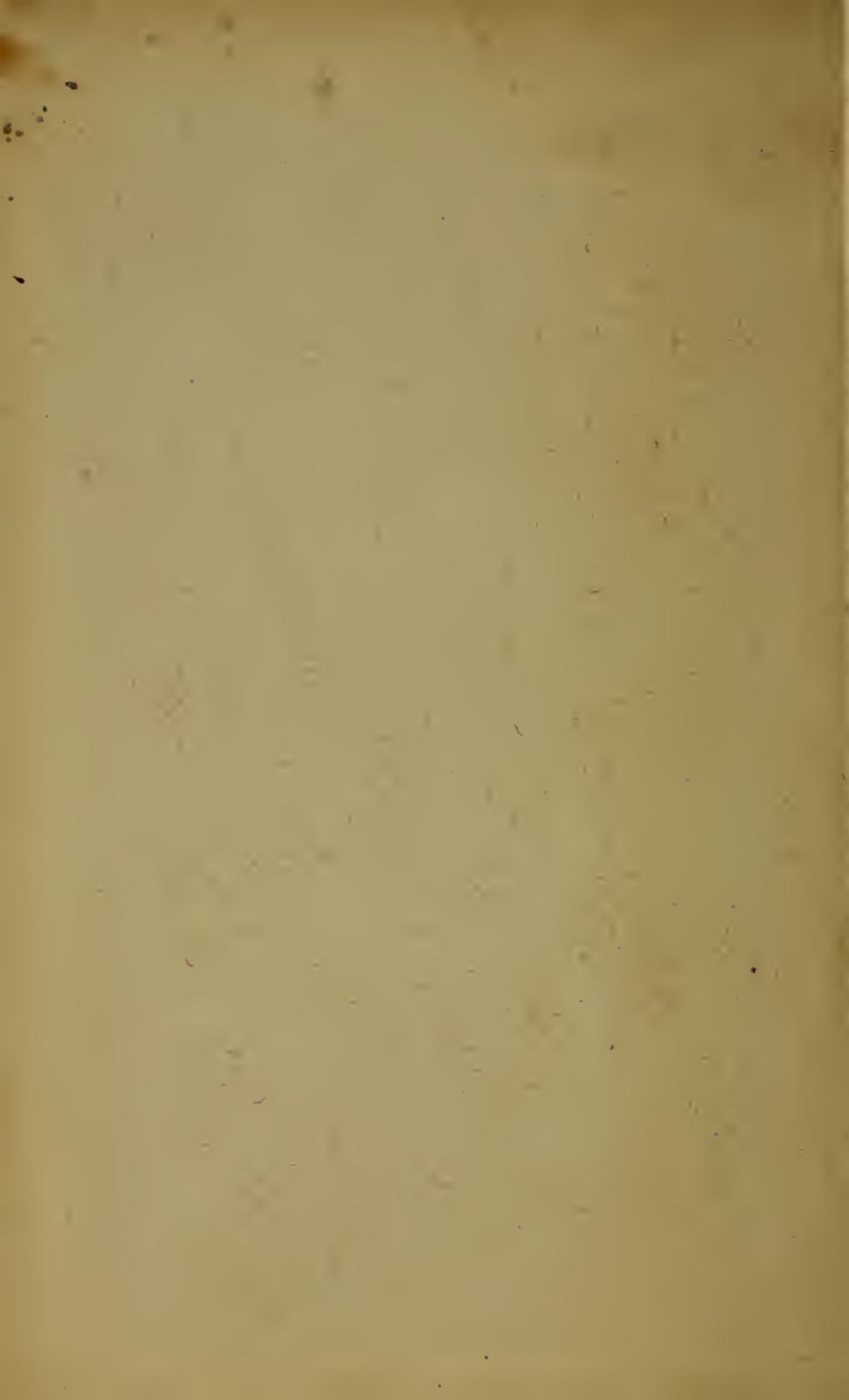
From her bright lips, are starting all the echoes
That slumber in the vales of Palestine.
When day is ushered in by morn like this,
Methinks that many wake whose hearts are thrilled
By gladdening touch of joy ; but many more
Arise from troubled sleep to feel anew
The feverish throbbing of the pulse of woe.
Yea, this bright sun has not put on his robes
Of noonday glory ere a crowd is winding
With solemn steps and slow through Nain's streets;
They follow to the grave the form of one
Beloved, and who, a few short days before,
Had walked among them, with the firmest step
Of manhood's conscious strength—a widow's son—
A widow's *only* son !

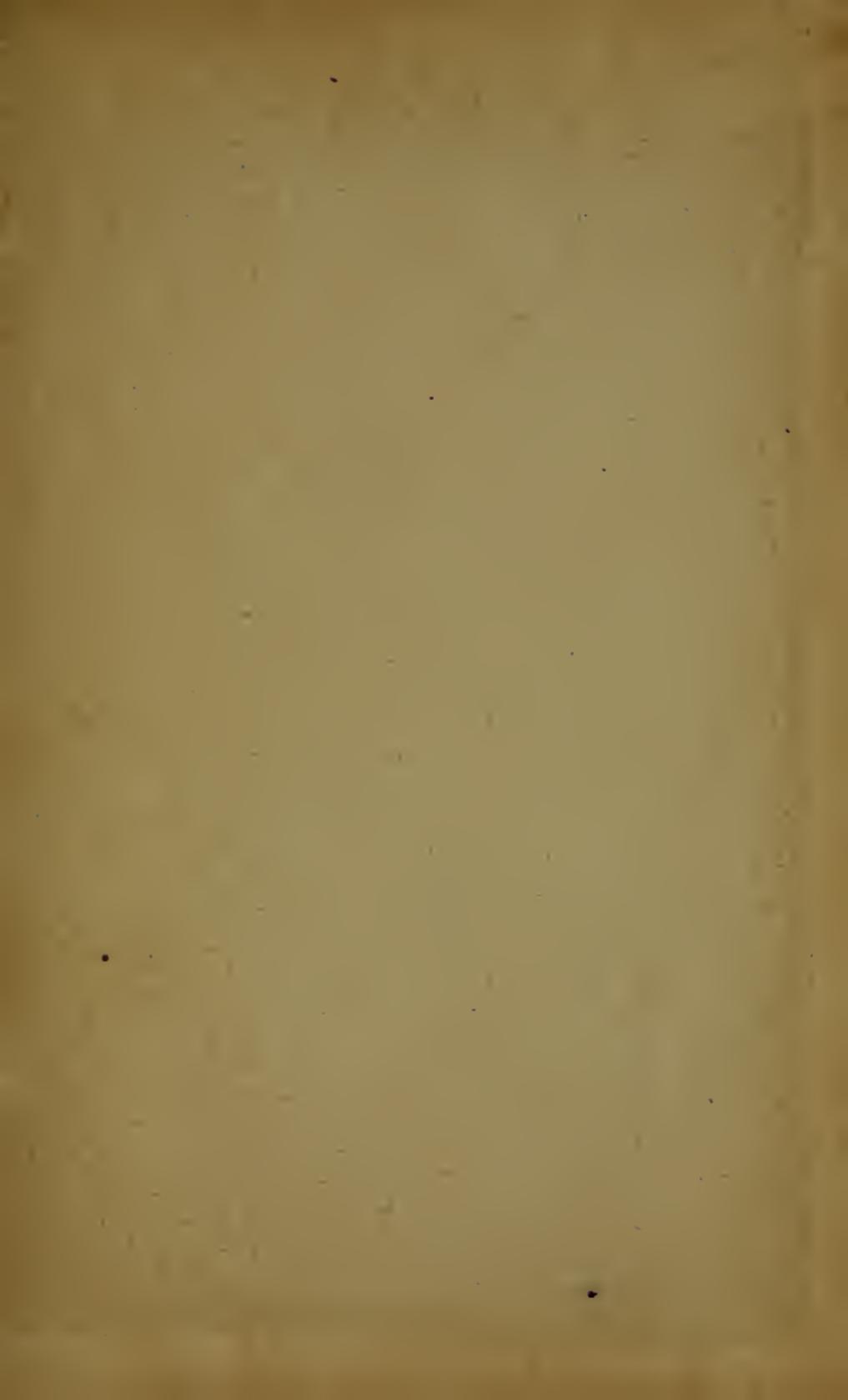
Poor sorrowing one!

When lying on his cold and clayey couch,
The loved one of her youth, she fondly deemed
That she had drained the bitterest drop her cup
Of woe could yield. "Not so," a voice replied.
The little one about whose lips is seen
The smile his father wore, will win thy heart
From grief by childish prattle, and will be,
In after years, a pillow to support
Thy weak and trembling age. And he was all
The fondest mother e'er could wish ; his love
And constant kindness made the plant of hope
To bud anew in her sad heart, and bloom!

But oh how short, uncertain, insecure,
The most enduring of earth's joys ! To-day
We walk with lightsome step of happiness,
To-morrow bend beneath a weight of woe.
As falls upon the ear, at noon, when scarce
A cloud is seen, the sudden thunder crash,
So fell this desolating storm of woe
Upon that widow's heart, and swept from thence
Its last green thing ; and naught was left behind
But gloomy barrenness and desert waste.
But see ! As drawing near the city's gate,
They meet a coming crowd, from out whose midst,
One of commanding form steps forth and bids
The bearers pause. And when he saw the tears
Of that poor broken-hearted one, he said
To her in tones of softest sympathy,
"Weep not;" but vain, yea, worse than vain to her
Are words like these, if dropt from other lips
Than His, but flowing sweetly from that tongue,
Methinks they fell upon her heart as fall
The dews of eve upon the drooping flower,
And soon, advancing to the bier, he says,
"Young man, arise !" The dead youth instantly
Arose ; and Jesus led him forth to her
And said, "Behold thy son !" Then turned about
And passing through the wonder-stricken throng,
He slowly went his way.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 415 2